NEWES FROM THE DEAD: OXFORD, 1651.

EDWARD GEORGE HIBBERT

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Newes from the Dead.

OR

A TRUE AND EXACT Narration of the miraculous deliverance of

ANNE GREENE,

Who being Executed at OXFORD Decemb. 14. 1650. afterwards revived; and by the care of certain hysitians there, *is now perfectly recovered.*

Together with the manner of her Suffering, and the *particular meanes used for her Recovery.*

Written by a Scholler in OXFORD for the Satisfaction of a friend, who desired to be informed concerning the truth *of the busineſſe.*

Whereunto are added certain Poems, casually *written upon that Subject.*

The Second Impression with Additions.

OXFORD,
Printed by *LEONARD LICHFIELD*, for THO. ROBINSON. D. 1651.

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Newes from the Dead.

THere happened lately in this Citty a very rare and remarkeable accident, which being variouſly and falſely reported amongſt the vulgar (as in ſuch caſes it is uſuall) to the end that none may be deceived, and that ſo ſignall an act of Gods mercy and providence may never be forgotten, I have here faithfully recorded it, according to the Information I have received from thoſe that were the chiefe Inſtruments in bringing this great worke to perfection.

In the houſe of Sir *Thomas Read* at *Duns-Tew* in *Oxford-ſhire*, there lived a maid named *Anne Greene*, born at *Steeple-Barton*, in the ſame County, being about 22 years of age, of a middle ſtature, ſtrong, fleſhie, and of an indifferent good feature; who being (as ſhe ſaid) often ſollicited by faire promiſes and other amorous enticements of Mr *Jeffery Read* Grand-child to the ſaid Sir *Thomas*, a youth of about 16 or 17 years of age, but of a forward growth and ſtature, at laſt conſented to ſatisfy his unlawfull pleaſure. By which act (as it afterward appeared) ſhe conceived, and was delivered of a Man-child: which being never made knowne, and the Infant found dead in the houſe of office, cauſed a ſuſpition, that ſhe being the mother had murthered it, and throwne it there on purpoſe to conceale both it and her ſhame together. Thereupon ſhe was immediatly taken into examination, and carried before ſeverall Juſtices of the peace in the Countrey: and ſoone after, in an extreame cold and rainy day, ſent unto *Oxford* Gaole, where having paſſed about three weekes more in continuall affrights and terrours, in a place as comfortleſſe as her condition, ſhe was at a Seſſions held in *Oxford*, arraigned, condemned, and on Saturday the 14 of *December* laſt, brought forth to the place of Execution: where, after ſinging of a Pſalme, &

ſomething ſaid in juſtification of her ſelf, as to the fact for which ſhe was to ſuffer, and touching the lewdneſſe of the Family wherein ſhe lately lived, ſhe was turn'd off the Ladder, hanging by the neck for the ſpace of almoſt halfe an houre, ſome of her friends in the mean time thumping her on the breaſt, others hanging with all their weight upon her leggs; ſometimes lifting her up, and then pulling her downe againe with a ſuddaine jerke, thereby the ſooner to diſpatch her out of her paine: inſomuch that the Under-Sheriffe fearing leſt thereby they ſhould breake the rope, forbad them to doe ſo any longer. At length, when every one thought ſhe was dead, the body being taken downe, and put into a Coffin, was carried thence into a private houſe, where ſome Phyſitians had appointed to make a Diſſection. The Coffin being opened, ſhe was obſerved to breath, and in breathing (the paſſage of her throat being ſtreightned) obſcurely to ruttle: which being perceived by a luſty fellow that ſtood by, he (thinking to doe an act of charity in ridding her out of the ſmall reliques of a painfull life) ſtamped ſeverall times on her breaſt & ſtomack with all the force he could. Immediately after, there came in Dr *Petty* of *Braſen-noſe-Colledge* our Anatomy-Profeſſor, and Mr *Thomas Willis* of *Chriſt-Church*, at whoſe comming, which was about 9 a clock in the morning, ſhe yet perſiſted to ruttle as before, laying all this while ſtretched out in the coffin in a cold room and ſeaſon of the yeare. They perceiving ſome life in her, as well for humanity as their Profeſſionſake, fell preſently to act in order to her recovery. Firſt, having cauſed her to be held up in the Coffin, they wrenched open her teeth, which were faſt ſet, and powred into her mouth ſome hot and cordiall ſpirits; whereupon ſhe rutled more then before, and ſeemed obſcurely to cough: then they opened her hands (her fingers alſo being ſtifly bent) and ordered ſome to rub and chafe the extreme parts of her body, which they continued for about a quarter of an houre; oft, in the mean time, powring in a ſpoonfull or two of the cordiall water; and beſides tickling her throat with a feather, at which ſhe opened her eyes, but ſhut them againe preſently. As ſoon as they perceived any heat in her extream parts, they thought of letting her bloud: & no

ſooner

ſooner was her arme bound for that purpoſe, but ſhe ſuddenly bent it, as if it had been contracted by a fit of the Convulſion: the veine being opened, ſhee bled about five ounces, and that ſo freely that it could not eaſily be ſtopped. All this while her pulſe was very low, but otherwiſe not much amiſſe. Her arm being bound up again, and now and then a little cordial water powr'd down her throat, they continued rubbing her in ſeveral places, cauſed Ligatures to be made in her armes and leggs, and then ordered her to be laid in a bed well warmed: then they cauſed her neck, and alſo her temples to be anointed with confortative oyles and ſpirits, and ſo likewiſe the bottoms of her feet, and upon this ſhee beganne to open her eies and to move the lower parts of her body. About this time came in Mr *Bathurſt* of *Trinity* Colledge, and Mr *Clerke* of *Magdalen* Colledge, whoſe advice and endeavours were then and all the time afterwards concurrent with thoſe of the other two above meutioned. Then they applyed a plaiſter to her breaſts, and ordered an heating odoriferous Clyſter to be caſt up in her body, to give heat and warmth to her bowels: after that, they perſwaded a woman to goe into bed to her, and to lye very cloſe to her, and gently to keep rubbing of her. After all which ſhee ſeemd about noon to be in a ſweat. Her face alſo began ſomewhat to ſwell and to look very red on that ſide on which the knot of the halter had been faſtned.

Whilſt the Phyſicians were thus buſie in recovering her to life, the Underſheriffe was ſolliciting the Govornour and the reſt of the Juſtices of Peace for the obtaining her Reprieve, that in caſe ſhe ſhould for that preſent be recovered fully to life, ſhee might not be had backe again to Execution. Whereupon thoſe worthy Gentlemen, conſidering what had happened, weighing all circumſtances, they readily apprehended the hand of God in her preſervation, and being willing rather to co-operate with divine providence in ſaving her, then to overſtrain juſtice by condemning her to double ſhame and ſufferings, they were pleas'd to grant her a Reprieve untill ſuch time as her Pardon might be compleatly obtained.

All this while ſhe had no ſooner opened her eyes, but preſently ſhe ſhut them again, and being call'd upon to try whether ſhe could hear or ſpeak, there appeared no ſign that ſhe could do either. Soon after, they made tryal again: bidding her, if ſhe underſtood them, to move her hand, or open her eies. Whereupon ſhe obſcurely opened her

eyes. The Phyſitians fearing leaſt her face might ſwell more & more, and a Feaver come upon her, by reaſon of the former ſuffocation, took from her right arme about nine ounces more of blood, and then ordered her a Julep, and other cordiall things to be adminiſtred upon occaſion, and ſo left her for that night: and about two houres after ſhe began to ſpeake many words intelligible.

On Sunday the 15 about 8 in the morning they return'd, and found her much amended, being able to anſwer to any queſtion propounded unto her. Shee then complained of her throat, (but not much of any other part) whereunto they ordered a Cataplaſme to be applyed: then ſhe complaining of drought, a Julep was offered her, which ſhe firſt took with difficulty, and at laſt refus'd: warm beere being given her, ſhe diſreliſhed it, but of cold ſhe drank and thanked them.

All this while ſhe lay often ſighing and talking to her ſelfe, as if ſhe had been ſtill to ſuffer. About noone ſhe felt an extreame ſoreneſſe in her breaſt and ſides, but there appeared nothing diſcoloured or like a Contuſion. That night they ordered her a Clyſter, & a Cataplaſme to be applied to her breaſt and ſides, with other means to prevent what evill might enſue by reaſon of contus'd blood, and ſo left her to reſt. About 9 of the clock ſhe laughed and talked merrily, looking freſh and of a good colour: being a little feveriſh, her tongue not furr'd nor clammy.

Munday the 16, they found that ſhe had taken ſome reſt, and her feaver not much encreas'd: they then tooke from her left arme about ſix ounces of blood more: ſhe fainted not, but talked very cheerfully, complaining ſomewhat of her neck, ſtomack, and throat.

But before they let her bloud, having firſt cauſed all to depart the roome, except thoſe Gentlemen that were of the Faculty, they asked her of her ſenſe and apprehenſion during the time of her ſuffering: ſhe anſwered, that after ſhe put off ſome of her clothes, bequeathing them to her Mother (which was early in the morning before her execution) and heard ſome one ſay that one of the priſoners was let out of the chaine to put her to death, ſhe remembered nothing at all that had been done unto her: and that ſhe knew not when her fetters were knock'd off, or how ſhe came out of priſon, or that ſhe had bin upon the Gallow's, neither could ſhe remember that any Pſalme had bin ſung, or that ſhe ſaid any thing there: notwithſtanding thoſe

that

that were preſent do teſtify that ſhe ſpake very ſenſibly : onely about a fortnight after, ſhe ſeemed to remember ſomething of a fellow wrapt up in a blāket, which indeed was the habit of her Executioner.

It is obſervable alſo, that when ſhe came to her ſelfe againe, ſhe fell into the like ſpeeches as ſhe had uſed in priſon before the execution : ſeeming there to go on where ſhe had ſo long time left off; like to a Clock whoſe weights had been taken off a while, and afterwards hung on againe.

That night ſhe was fomented about the ſides and other contuſed places, her neck being very ſore, eſpecially on the right ſide, where it was all black, and began to bliſter : there appeared alſo diverſe ſpots of ſetled bloud on her right cheek.

Tueſday the 17 in the morning they found her pulſe ſlow, but very unequall : her tongue not very dry nor rough : the night before ſhe ſlept well; in the morning ſhe aroſe, but her head was ſo light that ſhe could hardly ſtand upright : ſhe now complained of paine beneath the pit of her ſtomack : ſhe complained alſo of a deadneſſe in the tipp of her tongue, thinking ſhe had bitten it in the time of her ſuffering : ſhe call'd this day for ſome bread, which ſhe did eate, being firſt toaſted and moiſtned in beare. At night when they viſited her againe, the paine of her neck and throat was decreaſed : the ſpots of ſetled bloud about her cheek and neck leſſened, but the deadneſſe of her tongue ſtill remained. That night ſhe ſlept 6 or 7 houres : and on the 18 in the morning had no feaver; her pulſe was much amended; all Symptomes leſſened; the paines in her breaſt ſeemed to deſcend into the region of the belly, being (as 'twas conceived) not in the bowells, but only in the muſculous outward parts.

The 19 ſhe was up, and did eat part of a chick. All Symptomes decreaſed : yet could ſhe not goe, without the help of ſomewhat to uphold her. Her neck ſtill ſore, but mending. The deadneſſe of her Tongue leſſened. That night ſhe ſlept well. About foure or five daies after, being hard froſty weather, there appeared a blackneſſe over the lower part of her right arme, and upon her flankes on the ſame ſide : which by degrees waxed yellow, and in foure or five daies vaniſhed.

By this time, the care of the Phyſitians was well over. The paines in her breaſt and ſide when ſhe drew in her breath, as alſo the inequality of her pulſe (which cauſed a ſuſpition of a contuſion and extravaſated bloud ſpilt on the Lungs) being now fully ceaſed. The deadneſſe of her tongue and ſoreneſſe of her neck quite gone. There

remained

remained onely a giddineſſe in her head when ſhe walked or ſtirred her body, which in a ſhort time likewiſe left her. And now being able to walk about the town, eat, drink, and ſleep aſwel as before this accident had befallen her, ſhe had liberty to repair (and is ſince gone) unto her friends in the Country; taking away with her the Coffin wherein ſhe lay, as a Trophey of this her wonderful preſervation.

Thus, within the ſpace of a Moneth, was ſhe wholly recovered: and in the ſame Room where her Body was to have been diſſected for the ſatisfaction of a few, ſhe became a greater wonder, being reviv'd, to the ſatisfaction of multitudes that flocked thither daily to ſee her.

One thing more I had almoſt forgotten; that when the numbers of people ſtill preſſing into the houſe began to be too impetuous, and the Phyſicians had obtained of the Governour to have a Guard plac'd at the door; yet becauſe thoſe of the better ſort could not altogether be denied admiſſion, they thought it a ſeaſonable opportunity, for the maid's behalfe, to invite them either to exerciſe their Charity, or at leaſt to pay for their Curioſity. And therefore (themſelves firſt leading the way) they commended it to thoſe that came in, to give every one what they pleas'd, her Father being there ready to receive it. After a few daies the Governor (a Gentleman as much to be belov'd for his Courteſie, as hee is honour'd for his Prudence) coming himſelfe to ſee her, did not onely contribute to her in a liberal manner, but alſo improved his charity with many pertinent and wholſom inſtructions. By this meanes there was gathered for her to the ſumme of many pounds: whereby not onely the Apothecaries Bill, and other neceſſaries for her Dyet and lodging were diſcharged, but ſome overplus remained towards the ſuing out of her Pardon.

And now, having done with the Sufferings, and the Cure, it will not be amiſſe to look back, and take a Reveiw of the Cauſe of them, as matter of fact for which ſhe ſuffered: which (as I have ſaid) was the ſuppoſed murther of her own Infant.

There are two things, very conſiderable, alledged on her behalfe, and that may ſeem to cleer her Innocence as to that buſineſſe.

The firſt is, that the Childe was abortive or ſtilborn, and conſequently not capable of being murthered. The other, that ſhe did not certainly know that ſhe was with childe, and that it fell from her unawares as ſhe was in the houſe of office.

As for the firſt, it is evident that the child was very unperfect, being not above a ſpan in length, and the ſexe hardly to be diſtinguiſhed: ſo that rather ſeemed a lump of fleſh, then a well and duly formed

med Infant. The Midwife ſaid alſo, that it had no hair, and that ſhe did not beleeve that ever it had life. Beſides, her fellow-ſervants do teſtifie, that ſhee had certain Iſſues for about a month before ſhee miſcarried, which were of that nature (Phyſicians ſay) as are not conſiſtent with the vitality of a child: the eruption of which Iſſues came on her after ſhee had violently labour'd in skreening of malt. Laſtly, it is not likely that the Child was vital, the miſchance happening not above 17. weekes after the time of her conception.

For the 2. that ſhee might not know certainly that ſhe was with childe, it is not improbable: for ſhee was not 10. weeks without the uſual Courſes of women, before ſhe had thoſe continual Iſſues which laſted for a Moneth together: which long and great Evacuation might make her judge, that it was nothing elſe but a flux of thoſe humors which for ten weeks before had been ſuppreſſed; and that the childe which then fell from her unawares, was nothing but a lump of the ſame matter coagulated. As for the pain, it muſt needs be different in ſuch caſes from that which accompanies the timely fruit of the womb: and by reaſon of thoſe Iſſues coming from her, for ſo long continued a time before ſhe could not have thoſe throwes and paſſions at the time of her abortion, as women in travel are ſubject unto.

Adde to all this, that at her Tryall ſhe ingenuouſly confeſſed as much as was alledged by the witneſſes: and continued in the ſame aſſertions, not only before, but at her Execution, the laſt ſuppoſed minute of her life; and the very firſt words, after ſhe came to her ſelf again (which certainly were not ſpoken with deſign, or purpoſe to deceive) confirmed the ſame.

There is yet one thing more which hath been taken notice of by ſome, as to the Maid's defence; That her Grand Proſecutor Sir *Thomas Read* died within three daies after her Execution; even almoſt as ſoon as the probability of her reviving could be well confirmed to him. But becauſe hee was an old man, and ſuch Events are not too raſhly to be commented on, I ſhall not make uſe of that obſervation.

It may perhaps be expected by ſome (and 'tis pity I can give them no better ſatisfaction) that I ſhould here relate ſome ſtory (like thoſe of *Orpheus* or *Æneas* in the Poëts) of what fine viſions this maid ſaw in the other world; what cœleſtial muſick, or helliſh howling ſhe heard: what ſpirits ſhe converſed with; and what Revelations ſhe brought back with her, concerning the Preſent Times, or the Events of things to come. But for ſuch matters the Ballad-makers muſt reſt contented: ſince ſhee (as you have heard) was ſo far from

knowing any thing whilſt ſhee was dead, that ſhee remembred not what had happened to her even when ſhee was yet alive. Her ſpirits, at that time, being either ſo fixed or benummed with fear, as not to admit of any new Impreſſions; or otherwiſe ſo turbulent and unquiet, as preſently to diſcompoſe and obliterate them. As we often ſee it fares with men that are buzz'd in the head with drink, or tranſported with madneſſe, who, though they ſeem ſenſible enough of every preſent object that moves them, yet after they recover can own but little of what they did or ſaid before.

Having here done with the Story, I cannot but reflect upon the generous attempt of thoſe Gentlemen that freely undertook, and have ſo happily performed the Cure. That whilſt they miſſed the opportunity of improving their knowledge in the diſſection of a Dead body, they advanced their fame by reſtoring to the world a Living one: who now (deſervedly) accounts it her happineſſe to have fallen into ſuch courteous and skilfull hands: not only for their ſucceſſefull endeavours uſed in her Recovery, but for being a means to vindicate her from that foul ſtain of Murder, which, in moſt mens judgments (and, perhaps, Heaven it ſelfe alſo bearing witneſſe) was ſo harſhly charged upon her.

On

On Shee which was hang'd and afterwards Recover'd.

ORpheus, to fetch his Wife, did goe
A voyage to the Shades below
('Twas more then many a man would doe:)

The blood-leſſe Ghoſts did weepe (they ſay)
And *Pluto* groan'd, as He did play;
Yet She came back but Halfe the way.

Now we have ſeen a ſtranger ſight;
Whether it was by Phyſick's might,
Or that (it ſeems) the Wench was *Light*.

But ſure 'twill ſpoyle her Marriage-day,
For who ſo hardy to aſſay
Such an immortall *Virbia*?

Wives may deceive, and doe their beſt
To counterfeit in all the reſt;
Only let them not Dye in jeſt.

Hen. Perin Gen. Com. of Trin. Coll.

In Puellam à Diutino Patibuli Cruciatu Redivivam.

Distrahis Ecstaticam Nemesis cur dupla Puellam?
Quam denegas Superesse, non pateris Mori?
Lex vocat ad Laqueum, revocatq; in Fila Salutis
Medela; fitq; crux nova Remedium Crucis:
Mors sua Martyrium primum, Elysioq; relicto
Per tot dolores Vita Martyrium recens.
Sustinet Illa tamen Miracula sæva, Gemellæ
Βοιθανάτῳ Siremps Socia *Proserpinæ;*
Ac Fati Tropico insistens, utrinq; tuetur
Amphibia Jana Lucis, & Noctis plagam.
Sic Phœbe Zonam cùm circuit Æquidialem,
Utrumq; spectat Orbe diviso Polum:
Sic Atmosphæræ penetrans Confinia, Civis
Haud Aquila cessat Æthereæ, haud Cœli incipit:
Pyrrhæ emersit humo sic dimidiata propago.
Quam Semivivam, Semimortuam voces.

Offas ergò Cani, Junoni Ὀπήνεια *debet,*
Celebranda Threnis, & simul Genethliciis;
Mystá parentaret Cantú dum Κλαυσιγελοῖος,
Qui Flevit, & Corrisit Alternis Genis:
Comica nam Tragico commiscet Gaudia Luctu;
Ut Arcus hilaris nube Lacrymosâ nitet:
Aut Protêa velut mutatâ Luce Tabella,
Hinc Heraclitus, inde Democritus patet.

Mox proprio exoritur busto non Altera Phœnix,
Lucina sibimet, Ipsa Posteritas Sui.

Engliſhed Thus.

WHY *ATE*, doſt thou Double thus thy Smart?
Not ſuffering Her to Live, nor to Depart?
Phyſitians ſtraining to Repaire what Loſſe
The Iudge inflicted, Multiply the Croſſe:
Death wrote Her Martyr; but from Reſt to Come
Back through ſuch Paines, is Second Martyrdome.
Yet ſhee theſe cruell Miracles ſuſtaines,
Rivall Inrolled in Proſerpines both Traines;
And ſeated on Fates Tropick, doth ſurvey
With either Eye the Courts of Night, and Day.
So Phœbe's Orbe in th'Equinox appears,
With Oblique Lookes viewing two Hemiſpheres:
Thus Eagles, when They to the Confines Fly
Of th'Atmoſphære, dwell not in Ayre, nor Sky:
Such, *Pyrrha's* Unripe Iſſue, is diſplayd,
When it was yet halfe-Carcaſſe, and halfe-Mayd.

Pluto with Juno here might Preſents claime,
While Dirge, and Caroll Conſort forth her Name;
That Pantomime ſhould Act theſe Obſequies,
Whoſe Face *Parti-per-pale* both Laughs, and Cryes:
For Shee Triumphs in Tragicomick ſhrowds;
As Rainebowes gliſter, yet in Weeping Clowds:
Or as a Protean Picture's different Site
Here ſhewes *Democritus*, there *Heraclite*.

Straight from her Urne this Unchang'd Phœnix roſe,
Offſpring Herſelfe, and Midwife to her Throwes:

And

And Antedates by this Myſterious Birth
Her Reſurrection :Borne-again from Earth.
Hippolytus Revived in every Part,
But 'twas by Magick, or Poëtick Art:
Sibylla Saw, then Left the Ghoſts below;
But Shee did In, not From the Body Goe:
The *Shades* ſent back Eurydice to *Day*,
But Fainting Shee Return'd ſcarce halfe the Way.
This Wonder ſurmounts All: See, here is bred
Poſthumous Life ev'n when the Mothers dead.
Part Dyed before, part Survived after Breath;
The Embryo's Birth's Abortive, and Her death.
Orpheus, and Æſculape were here Outvyed,
'Cauſe both their Arts Concenter'd in one *Guide*.

Suiters Courage, All's purg'd by Sacrifice:
The Parent ſlaine, doth not a Virgin Riſe?
Forgetfull Shee did *Gallow Lotos* Trye,
And *Lethe* taſt: Let All crye *Amneſty*.
For who can think her Guilty, whom the Tombe
Does thus declare unworthy of her Doome?
Whom Law, whom Phyſick could not kill, whoſe Date
Souldiers Repriev'd, Three *Committées* of Fate?
If yee doubt ſtill, her *Dying* Words Receive:
How e're, *Diſtruſt* her *Riſen* muſt Believe.

Ac Individuâ prætentat Anaſtaſe Fatum,
Terræ Genitricis Regenerata è Sinu.
Floruit Hippolytus renovatus Membra, ſed Idem
Magicâ revixit, aut Poëticâ Manu:
Deſeruit Superos, iterumq; Sibylla reviſit;
At Corporis Iter fuerat, haud à Corpore:
Eurydicenq; Orbi Manes voluêre Remiſſam,
Mediâ tamen languebat impatiens viâ.
Natales hi cuncta premunt Myſteria; Proles
Nam Poſthuma iſta Matris eſt etiam Suæ.
Ante Ortum moritur Pars, Pars poſt Funera vivit;
Vitam Embryô dat, Mortem Abortivam Sibi.
At non Angui-dei, non vicerat Orpheos Artes,
Nî Muſicus, Medicusq; foret Anaſtates.

Macti eſtote Proci, Lethum expiat omnia; Fallor?
An conditâ Parente, jam Virgo redit?
Guſtabat Gabali Loton, Lethenq; *bibebat*
Oblivioſa *hæc: undiq; ſit* Ἀμνησία.
Deniq; quis neget innocuam, ſtipulante Feretro;
Nex ipſa quam fatetur indignam Nece?
Quam Juris rabies, Medicinaq; perdere neſcit,
Salvamq; dat Militia, Parcarum Trias?
Si dubitatis adhuc, Morienti credite: ſaltem
Surgenti ab Umbris Fidet ipſa Infidia.

On the Shee that was Hang'd, but not Executed.

RAre Innocence! a Wench re-woman'd! ſee
What the ſmall *Sophs* ſay to this Fallacy.
Up to the eares in death, and ſcape! no kind
Was thought more fit then to *tye up her Wind.*
Women in this with Cats agree, I think,
Both Live and Scratch after they'have *tip't the Wink.*
Henceforth take heed of truſting Females. Shee
That ſcapes *Welch Parſly*, Souldiers take for mee.

Hic Iacet — Quæ cùm Morte non potuit obſcurari, claruit,
Vindicatâ nimirum Innocentiâ,
Fato Functa nec tamen Defuncta.
Converſo in Aſylum Patibulo
Tunc, cùm non minùs de Puellâ conclamatum eſſet, quàm Iuſtitiâ:
Iuſtitiâ, quam ſi non Cæcam, certè vix mitem dixeris;
Quæ cùm in alîus Ventrem inquireret, Ipſa non habuit Viſcera.
Hæc verò revixit, vel ad Illius ludibrium,
Vel (quod melius eſt) exemplum.
Adiit Charontem pro formâ (puto) *nec tamen Abiit,*
Sed inhibuit Gradum. Uno oculo flevit, ſubriſit altero;
Mirum, ſi hoc non ſit δακρυγελᾶν.
Nec Vitam ſolam Medicorum artibus obtinuit,
Sed Vatis etiam beneficio Immortalitatem.
Non eſt quòd in Fœminâ plus deſideres, niſi forſan velis Conſtantiã
'Υποχρέλαοι H.B. Soc. N.C.

On one dead by Law, but reviv'd by Phyſick.

COme *Sophiſter*, diſtinguiſh, you that call
Reſtor'd Privation Supernatural.
To ſolve your Ignorance, come view in one
An Ante-dated Reſurrection.
Some rigid ones perhaps this act will ſpell
With the ſtrange letters of a Miracle:
But know, *Phyſitians* have a larger Call,
Apollo' and *Phyſick* are collaterall.
Think not *Phyſitians Atheiſts*, ſince they doe
Profeſſe Divinity, and Practic't too.

J. Hutton Fell. of New Coll.

In Fœminam poſt Patibuli cruciatus reviviſcentem.

LVgete Cives lugubre lugubres;
Ridete Cives ludicra ludicri:
Lugete defunctam puellam;
Plaudite, nunc rediviva prodit.

Jam non ſtupendum ſentiat Orphea
Mendax vetuſtas: Eurydicen neq;
Miretur ex imo barathro
Threicio revocâſſe plectro.

Quæ penè ſedes viderat inferas,
Et nigra ſævæ regna Proſerpinæ,
En! fata deludens cruenta,
Rurſus adeſt, tumulumq; fugit.

Flevere Manes, queis comes altera
Evaſit, ipſum deſtituens ſuo
Naulo Charontem, dum catervâ
Cymba gemit levior minori.

Hæc damna mœrens, ora latrantia
Compreſſit Orci Ianitor: & ſuum
Loqui dolorem neſcientes
Tartareæ ſilüere lymphæ.

Mors, cui potentum ſpicula Cæſarum
Ducumq; figunt colla minacium,
Quâ fronte poſthac tela promes
Fœmineo modò luſa ſexu?

Ad Medicos, diſſecandum corpus vitæ reſtituentes.

Efficitis ſanum corpus, lacerare parati:
Et mox fit mulier quod modò funus erat.
Per vos poſſe mori viventes ante ſciebam:
Jam per vos cæſos vivere poſſe ſcio.

Geo. Lee, Coll. Reg. Commenſalis.

A ceux de la Messe.

Çà Catholique, que dis-tu maintenant ?
Les miracles se font-ils pas ? pendant
Qu' entre nous l' aveugle gaigne la veüe,
Le boiteux marche, le mort se voit en rüe.
Voy-cy la fille qui tantost estoit morte,
Elle vit à cett' heure, & tres-gaillarde se porte.

Jos. Williamson, du Coll. de la Reyne.

The Womans *Case* put to the Lawyers.

MOther, or Maid, I pray you whether?
One, or both, or am I neither?
The Mother dyed: may't not be said
That the Surviver is a Maid ?
Here, take your Fee, declare your sense;
And free me from this New Suspense.

Joh. Watkins, Eq. Aur. fil. Coll. Reg.

NOndum cessârunt Miracula, dogma profanum
Mentiri Ancillæ Vita Novata docet.
Estne fides ? non triste Forum, non tristior Illo
Judex, Voxq; Ipso tristior ----estne fides ?
Non Crux, non Restis; non Ungula Militis, & quam
Non ferat Alcides pectore crebra manus,
Cuncta hæc particulam Vitæ non cedere cogunt,
Sed valet extremum Virgo loquuta Vale.
Sic nescit, nisi viva, Sepulchrum impura Sacerdos
Vestali caluit cui modò dextra foco.
Exili Lachesis non semper Stamine gaudet,
Et Funes *novit Parca Benigna suos.*
Hæc si non Ratio est Restim elusisse Puellam,
Quæ causa est? meritò credo fuisse Levem.

Thou

THou ſhalt not Swing againe: come cleare thy brow,
Thou haſt the Benefit o'th' *Clergie* now;
Nor is thy *Neck-Verſe* writt in Blood, which might
Confound thy Thoughts, as it muſt needs thy Sight.
Thus when *Apollo* keeps th' *Aſſiſes*, then
Women are ſav'd by *Booke*, as well as Men.
Strange Wench! what character may fit the, beſt,
That ſtill canſt live, though Thou art *Hang'd* and *Preſt*?

Rob. Mathew, Fellow of New Coll.

To the *Phyſitians.*

TO raiſe a Pyramide unto your skill
Were to miſtruſt experience, and ſtill
Think Death a Gyant, whoſe vaſt gripe could ſpan
And ſqueez to nought both memory and man.
Yee are not mortall, nor need feare to dye:
To conquer Death is Immortality.
Yee have done that. Marble may ſerve to hide
It's owne duſt now, or tell who *ſhould* have dy'd:
There is no other uſe for't. And thou Death
Vaunt not henceforth 'tis with Thy leave we breath.
Th'art vanquiſh't quite, and this thy Mulct ſhall be,
To write *Probatum* to their victory.

Ad Puellam Redivivam.

QUæ modò ſpes tumuli fueras triſtiſq; feretri,
Poſthuma jam vitæ naſceris ipſa tuæ.
Ecce ſtupet caſum Mors admirata, rogatq;
Decepit noſtras quale Sophiſma manus?
Nil potuit namq; illa magis te quando peremit:
Cùm tu non moreris nil minus illa poteſt.

Guil. Fitz-Gerald. ex Æd. Ch.

In Puellam ſuſpenſam, & dein à Medicis Anatomiam Cadaveris aggreſſuris, in vitam revocatam.

DUm Mors & Medici conſpirant fœdere certo
Amborum ut telis una puella cadat,

Funi ut ſuccedat Ferrum, & ſuſpenſa ſecetur;
En! Ferrum & Funis, bina venena, juvant.
Vnâ mulctatam, geminâ dum morte parabant
Afficere, in vitam ſit rediviva novam.
Naturæ in leges, ac Gentis jura, triumphans
Eluſit Fati, Judicis atq́, minas.
Nec Medici hoc, Scelcton faciunt, exangue cadaver.
Quod magis eſt, vivum cedit in Automaton.

Guil. Willis, Æd. Chr. Comm.

Admire not, 'tis no newes, nere think it ſtrange,
Twere wonder if a Woman ſhould not change:
They have myſterious wayes, and their deſignes
Muſt be read backward ſtill, like Hebrew lines.
See, theſe with Death diſſemble, and can cheat
Charon himſelfe to mak a faire retreat.
Well, for this trick Ile never ſo be led
As to beleive a Woman, though ſhee's dead.

Rob. Sharrock, Fellow of New Coll.

In puellam ὑστερότοκον à patibulo reviviſcentem.

Quæ nuper Medicos veſpillonesq́, fefellit,
Et non unius victima mortis erat,
Quàm benè Netricis *titulum meruiſſe putanda eſt,*
Cùm poterat ſtamen *ſic renovare ſuum?*

Engliſhed thus:

Thou more then Mortall, that with many lives
Haſt mock't the Sexton, and the Doctors knives:
The name of *Spinſter* thou maiſt juſtly wed,
Since there's no Halter ſtronger then thy *Thread.*

To the ſame.

Thou, thine owne *Clotho*, that knew'ſt not to feele
The darts of Death, yet woar'ſt no Buffe, nor Steele:
If with ſuch Art thou canſt thy Diſtaffe rule,
The Souldiers all to thee ſhall go to Schoole.

Dan. Danvers, Coll. Trin. Alum.

On

On the Death and Life of *Anne Greene.*

WHat Cable-thread twin'd thee thy happy fate,
That it out-lasts thy own lifes destin'd date?
Was thy Harmonious Soule strung so-so well,
As break it could not, stretcht to a Miracle?
Did'st thou indent with Rigid *Atropos*
To los't a while, and then to quit the Losse?
As cast-off Habits, when hang'd by a space,
Regaine their Fashion and their pristine grace.
Loe here's lifes *Gemini*, two lifes in one!
Or th' same in'ts Tropicall Reversion!
Time after *Stylo novo* inchoated!
From the first Sun a Parely created!
A strange Appendix after *Finis* fixt,
Or *Funis* rather: Death and Life co-mixt!
A Posthume Act after Catastrophe!
Or Antedating of the Latter day!
Death's Puzler! Selfe-surviver! thy strange fate
Do's contradictions Legimate.
Entwisted Miracles constellate here,
And complicated Wonders Co-insphere.
Thy uncouth Paradox Resuscitation
Tempts to beleeve, that from a pure Privation
Nature's propension signe's a free Regresse
To pristine Habit; tempts even to confesse
Plurality of Soules in One, since Thou
Can'st prodigally one to Death allow,
Another keep thy selfe; whilst both maintaine
Castor and *Pollux*-like alternate Reigne.
That Belgian Headsman, whose rare artfull hand
Could slice off heads, and they yet seem to stand,
Had he thee Execut'd, had sham'd his skill,
When finding thee not dead, but living still.
Perillu's Torturing Engin had but bin
A Very Bull, had'st thou first entred in.
Their Law would have some plea, were it to thee,
Who first the Malefactor Hang, then see

Whe're 'twere a juſt and equitable Cauſe,
Whether not conſonant unto the Lawes.
Strange *Sophiſter* ! that grant'ſt to Deſtiny
The Premiſes, Concluſion do'ſt deny ;
Dar'ſt yeeld to Suffer Death, but not to Dye.

Joh. Aylmer, Schol. of New Coll.

SO ſportive, *Atropos* ? what, muſt we ſee
Some *Hocus*-tricks ? the thread of life to be
Aſunder cut, and yet entire remaine ?
A Body-baniſh'd ſoule recall'd againe ?
Now may the nine-liv'd Sex ſpeake high, and ſay
That here they fought with Death, and won the day.
The *fatall Tree*, which firſt began the ſtrife,
Sided with them, and prov'd *a Tree of life.*

Another.

DEath, ſpare your threats, we ſcorne now to obey;
If Women conquer thee, ſurely Men may.
How came this Champion on I cannot tell,
But I nere heard of one *came off* ſo well.

Pet. Killigrew, Eq. Aur. fil. Coll. Reg.

PRoh *Metamorphoſis naturæ diſſona ! fatum*
Imbelle ! evictæ gloria caſſa necis !
Huccine, naturam, progreſſa peritia, ſolvit ?
Siccine fatorum machina fracta cadit ?
Euge decus medicum ! ſacrum inviolabile ! novi
Sacratum hinc docto numen ineſſe Choro.
Ibimus: ire juvat; ſic, ſic juvat ire per umbras:
Si vixiſſe, mori eſt, ibimus: ire juvat.
Eia age Terrorum domitrix Terroris, abundè
Provida, cùm properes, ne moriare, mori.

Guil. Miles, Nov. Coll.

HIppolytus was dead, and (as the ſtraine
Of Poets tel's) was made a Man againe.
Poetick Figments are turn'd Truths, for we
Have ſeen a Dead Maide's Palingeneſie.

He

He twice a Man; She twice a Maid: 'Tis brave;
She had one Life to Looſe, and one Save.
Or elſe it was our *Logick* Dy'd, not ſhe:
For from Privation a Regreſſe we ſee.
Let's non admire then *Bacon's Brazen Head*,
When we ſee one that ſpeaks, and yet was Dead.
You that ſo much for new Inventions give,
Obſerve a way, found out, by Death to Live.
Catts have for every Muſe a life: but Shee
For every Grace; For by this Hiſtorie
The Author doth a Third Life to her Give,
And makes her Innocence and Fame to Live.
Her Life is writt here to the life: ſhe fell
At a cheap rate, when 'tis deſcrib'd ſo well.
For, th'Author's Pen's ſo good, that one would Die
To be Reviv'd by ſuch a Hiſtory.

Rich. Glyd, Fell. of New Coll.

THat Life's a Vapour I'le no more complaine:
As this, ſo that, takes leave to come againe.
Strange metamorphoſis! this *dead-live* Woman
Now differs from her ſelfe; and are ſuch *Common?*

Geo. Davenant, Com of Qu. Coll.

TErnas ſicne Deas, & tales decipis una?
Et vel Carnificem fœmina ſpreta tuum?
Illius eludas artes elapſa; ſed audi,
Victricem dici te ſemel, eſto ſatis.

H. Davenant, Com. Coll. Reg.

FOr certaine, ſhe was dead! yet then
The reaſon how ſhe lives agen,
Is that which ſo much puzles men.

Sure when her ſoule this clay forſook,
To'wards Pluto's court her way ſhe took,
And came unto th'infernall brook.

It dranke ſo deep of *Lethe* there,
She had forgotten whatſoere
Sh'had ſuffer'd in her life time here:

Arraign'd by *Minos*, ſtraight denie'd
That ſhe before a Judge was trie'd,
Or ſentenc'd on the Gallowes died.

No other way was left to win
Her to confeſſe her ſhame and ſin
But ſend her back to learn't agen.

Entring her body ſtraight, 'twas growne
So rack't and torne, that 'twas not known,
Nor yet beleev'd to be her own.

This neck was Halter-gall'd, nay more,
Theſe ſides and breſt with ſtrokes were ſore,
And Hers were nothing ſoe before.

Her leggs (ſhee's ſure) had ſhackles on,
And wonder's finding Theſe have none;
Her ſelfe and they were loſt and gone.

Thus what ſhe ſuffer'd laſt, was now
The leſſon ſhe firſt learn'd to know,
Elſe no account can paſſe below.

If ſhe learn't well, and not conſtraine
Her ſelfe to act it o're againe,
She may paſſe ſafe through P*luto's* reigne.

John Dwight, Ch. Ch.

ARe Fates growne kind? have they thus chang'd their (doome
From Murtherers to ſupply the Midwifes roome?
Or were they not o'repowr'd, ſince Life had ſpun
Two ſtrings unto her bow, and Death but One?

Tho. Ireland, Ch. Ch.

To the Hangman.

COme *Fleſh-Crow*, tell me, what's the cauſe that you
Rigour to men, to Women Favour ſhow?
Your Office you have not perform'd, 'tis plaine:
See, here's the Wench you hang'd, alive againe.

Yet,

Yet,for this once,I'le cleareyou ; it was not
Your *ſlack rope* ſav'd her, nor your *faſt-looſe* knot.
Her fatall halter ſhee(to end the ſtrife)
Untwiſted ſpun into a thread of life.

Ed. Norreys Eq. Aur. fil. Coll. Reg.

EVrydicen ſileat jam fama à morte reductam,
Hippolytum taceant ſæcla priora ſuum :
Mercurii nuper quam compulit aurea virga
Manibus, à nigro jam revocata grege eſt.
Arte viri domitæ Parcæ ſtupuêre ſuperbæ,
Et queritur Lacheſis ſtamine laſſa novo.
Regni clauſtra ſui vidit Proſerpina rupta,
Et ſuccum atq; herbas hoc potuiſſe gemit.
Porthmea pœnituit plenâ remeare carinâ,
Utq; dolos ſenſit, mox ſtupefactus, ait:
Quæ prius aufugiens in ventum vita receſſit,
Tutior in medicas jam venit illa manus :
Hæ revocant animas per Tartara nigra vagantes,
Corporeiſq; iterum nexibus arte ligant.
Quæ jacuit tenebris obducta, & lampade vitæ
Extinctâ, accensâ jam face clara micat.
Nunc cum ſole licet cadere, & cum ſole redire,
Et, ſi vult medicus, nec moriendo mori.

Edwin. Skrymſher Armig. fil. Nat. Max. Coll. Trin.

WOnder of higheſt Art! He that will reach
A Streine for thee, had need his Muſe ſhould *ſtretch*,
Till flying to the Shades, ſhe learne what Veine
Of *Orpheus* call'd *Eurydice* againe;
Or learne of her *Apollo*, till ſhe can
As well, as Singer, prove Phyſitian:
And then ſhe may without *Suſpenſion* ſing,
And, authorized, harp upon thy *String*.
Diſcordant ſtring! for ſure thy ſoule (unkinde
To its own Bowels Iſſue) could not finde
One Breaſt in Conſort to its jarring ſtroake
'Mongſt piteous Femall Organs, therefore broke
Tranſlations due Law, from fate repriev'd,

And ſtruck a Uniſon to her ſelfe, and liv'd.
Was't this? or was it, that the *Goatiſh* Flow
Of thy Adulterous veines (from thence let goe
By ſecond *Æſculapius* his hand)
Diſſolv'd the Parcæ's *Adamantine* Band,
And made Thee Artiſt's Glory, Shame of Fate,
Triumph of Nature, *Virbius* his Mate.

Chriſt. Wren, Gent. Com. Wad. Coll.

HAng up the Gallow-Tree, ſince 'twould not doo't;
The Maid was hang'd for her Abortive fruit:
----Yet doe not: for, though weak, perhaps next yeare
It may, like Her, get ſtrength againe, and Beare.

Another.

If Life be but a Tennis play, Thou then
Com'ſt from the *Hazzard* to be Toſs'd agen.
Here only was the difference, in Thine
The Game was ſav'd by playing *under Line*.

Car. Forſter Eq. Aur. fil. Coll. Trin.

To the happy Inſtruments of the Executed Maids Recovery.

OXFORD (the Arts Metropolis) ner'e knew
A rarer feat then was perform'd by you.
Brave Æſculapian friends! whoſe Art could give
After the Execution a Reprieve.
And yet 'twas timely too: for though grim Death
Had ſeiz'd the paſſage of her Vitall breath,
Yet you a new one made: And the ſame Veine
That let out blood, receiv'd in Life againe.
The Soule, which is in every part entire,
Can, undiſcern'd by you, to none retire:
Since you no leſſe the tracke of ſoules doe know,
Than that of Liverets in new-fallen Snow.
Others can by their Chymiſtry reduce
A Plant or flower from its duſt or juyce;
But your ſublimer Art hath done much more
Whil'ſt humane ſoules you from their Urnes reſtore.

Yet

Yet though your skill and pity could diſpence,
More daies to her beguiled Innocence:
No Art removes à ruin'd Virgins ſhame,
Unleſſe revived ſhe, be not the ſame.
Thus 'tis more eaſy to recall the Dead
Then to reſtore a once-loſt Maidenhead.

Kingſmill Lucy Gent. Com. of Ch. Ch.

THou Pill too ſtrong for fate! in whoſe defence
Mira'cles ſtept in to reſcue innocence.
Death was thy *Ordeall*, and *Compurgatrix*
And *Minos* did thy Judges doome refix.
Thou did'ſt bring forth in riddles, ſo ſurviv'ſt.
By giving breath thou Kild'ſt, by dying liv'ſt.
Thy rude ſpawns fleeting ſoule did ſure retire
To thee the *Damme*, as a reſerve entire,
Giving thee ſecond life, when thine was done
Thou wer't thine owne ſuperfetation.
Strange fruit o'th' curſed and the barren Tree
That mad'ſt the Hangman practice Midwifery,
Nature new hatch'd thee, as firſt Men, who tooke
Birth from harſh Entrals of a Vitall Oak,
One of the Daughters of *Deucalion*
Thou wakeſt from thy *Tomb*, as they from ſtone.

Fr. Withins Gen. Com. of S. Johns.

The Maids Game.

ALone this ſubtle Gameſtreſſe on a day
Went to Deaths houſe at *Tick-Tack* for to play.
To knowe if he was't home, or gone from thence,
His Porter, th' Hangman held her in *Suſpence*.
At length he met her, plaid, and ſoone did ſpy,
The Maid had left a *Blot* upon a DYE.
Death threw, and thought h'had wone, but ſhe ſaid nay
Doctors like *Doublemen* ſtood in the way
After ſhe caſt, obtain'd a *Double Game*,
By putting in t'one *Point* both death and ſhame.

W. Berkley Com. of Br. Coll.

HAd I been tongue-ti'd, nor as yet had ſaid
An Infant word, but kept my mouth a Maid,
This would have cut thoſe Ropes, this to rehearſe
Had Midwife prov'd to an *Abortive* verſe,
Deſpightfull *Embryo* in ſecret plac't
By Her, by thee Shee's publikely diſgrac't.
Such blowes o'th breſt the ſtanders-by her lend
As thoſe that force tyr'd Iades to'th' journeyes end.
Had but a modeſt ſoule that under gone
T'would ſoon for ſhame have quitte its Manſion.
Yet ſhee's not dead, nor is her glaſſe quite runne,
Although her Thread be cutte her life's not ſpunne.
Shee lives and hath recal'd her wonted ſtrength,
Nor is her life made ſhort by her neckes Length.
I'le prophecy, Shee'l Lovers ſoone inſnare
Without a Trope ther's Halters in her hayre.
Of the ſame cauſe here the effects doe fight,
One thing both hang'd and ſav'd her, ſhee was *Light*.

Walter Pope è Coll. Wadh.

DUm ſacer Eurydicen Orpheus dèducit ab orco,
Flectit ad infernum lumina retrò Lacum:
Sic Correpta ſtatim, nigras revocatur in umbras:
Rupta nec eſt Fidibus reſtituenda Fides.
Tutius effugium ſua fata dedêre puellæ:
Quin & Apollineâ fit rediviva manu.
Sic valet ulteriùs Medicus quam Muſicus; Ille
Imperat Infernis, Supplicat iſte Diis.

Strange *Metamorphoſis* Ovid never wott!
A maid chang'd from, yet to her ſelfe is brought.
He *Pythagoricall* migrations chants,
How humane ſoules *inoculate* with plants.
When Hers loath to *divorce* her antient *Mate*
(*Scepticke* in *Love*) reſumes her former ſtate.
And as halfe choak't in double priſon walls
One of her Body, th'-other of the Gaole.
Shee takes a gentle flight in freer Air,

And ſtraight returneth home more *debonnaire.*
New birth's noe *Probleme* now: for we have ſeen
A *ſenſleſſe Corps* quickned with Life has beene.
And that not by a *Miracle*, but Art
With *broken winded* Nature, playing part.
The great inchanting Orpheus who could bring
From Hell Eurydice by a *fidle ſtring*;
Yet Let her ſlip againe: And breaking's Truſt
His *Magicke- muſicke Nerve*, in ſunder burſt.
Apollo ſcornes to make ſuch *Emp'ricke Cures*:
Here's one now dead *alive*, *alive* endures.
Her *fatall thread* was Cut: Yet Plutoes bands
Could her not raviſh from his ſacred hands.
Yea though a knife had Cut the *Siſters Twine*,
His *Plantan Leafe* would that together *joyne*,
See Orpheus, See, thy *wonder- working Lyre*,
Holds noe Compariſon with thy Heavenly Sire.

W. Hatley, of Saint Johns Coll.

QVam penè abſtulerat glomerato ſtamine, vitam
Tibi reddit Eumenidum manus:
Dum petit erranti cultro tua fila ſalutis,
Scindit Capiſtros Atropos.

TErgeminus diræ dormiſcit Janitor Aulæ,
Et Furiæ infernam deſeruêre Domum:
Quaſq́, creat, ſentit mors jam quaſi mortua pœnas:
Virbiaq́, è propriis pullulat Exequiis:
Fabula naſcentem Materno funere Bacchum
Ne jactet, virgo hæc funere nata Suo eſt.

Guil. George, Æd. Chriſti Alumnus.

SEarch for a pleaſant now delight,
To celebrate her births day's right.
It is a birth when after Death
The body gaines his former breath.
O! who'le pay him that dig'd the pitte?
The hungry grave hath loſt a bitte.

And yet ſtill gapes, alas! I feare
Death it ſelfe will be buryed there.
Shee's ſicke, and melts in her owne wo,
The female Sex ſhould cheat her ſo.
(That ſhe could not decieve the ſame,
In whom the firſt deceit found game.)
Either Phyſick conquers Death,
Or Phyſitians coine new breath;
Or *Atropos* hath loſt her knife:
This was a hanging *to the Life.*
O! Wench reforme in thy new age,
Write Vertue in this ſecond page:
The firſt ſhewes Characters of Vice,
O! live well once, who liveſt twice.

Theodore Wynne Fell. Com. Jeſ. Coll.

HEre *lies*—'t muſt not be ſo. Here Goes a Shee
That loſt her life to lifes recovery.
Here Goes She, whoſe laſt Snuffe of vitall breath
Was blowne Out and In, by one blaſt of Death.
Whilſt thus her Innocence Fate juſtifies,
Wee'l write on her Accuſer, Here He *Lies.*

Car. Capell, Armig. Coll. Winton.

IUgglers we'have ſeene cut a Thread, whole: Thy *Line*
Of life was ſo: juſt ſuch a Trick was Thine.
Hocus Pocus, faſt and looſe, dead and gone,
Here agen: Women have more tricks than one.

Hen. Capell Armig. Coll. Winton.

THou Sophiſter of Fate, that canſt deny
A faire diſpute by an *Amphiboly*;
Reade Hebrew-wiſe thy Neck-verſe, make to be
In thine own doom an *Infra-pollency*:
Inſert ſt no Negative, and yet canſt ſtate
An affirm'd ſentence Illegitimate.
Sure *Minos* Jury was for theſe too *Grand*,
That did thy Doom re-eccho, did withſtand
Thy Epilogue, and make it for to be

But

But a new Prologue to Virginity.
Thy Mate ſhall be no *Proteus*, yet in thee,
Although but one, will be Polygamy.
Thou canſt intombe a Wife-hood, and yet riſe
A Virgin out of th'aſhes, Phœnix-wiſe.
Ceaſe would the Romans th'wonder to extoll
Of th Head found freſh; Thine had been *Capitoll.*
Caligula his bloudy wiſh would check
To cut off *Rome*, had thine but been the neck.

A. Spence of St. *Joh.* Coll.

WHat hath the Law its power loſt
Since th' Engliſh tongue hath it engroſt?
Or did old *Juno* owe a ſpight
To Fate, and it for to requite
Sit croſs-leg'd charming Her alive,
And hence Death prove ſo *Abortive*?
Sure *Venus* was in th' Horoſcope,
When She was ſtrugling with the Rope:
And kept out Death from entring in,
To ſhew that *Cupid* cannot ſin.
If ſo? then might She well eſcape,
Love ſuffers not a ſecond rape.
Strange Beaſt! what all her Riders fling?
Could not Death rule Her in a ſtring?

Sam. Chriſtopher of S. Joh. Coll.

IUſtice would cut, but Fate unedg'd the knife,
Unravel'd the vex'd thread, and repreiv'd life
Bad the aſtoniſh'd Siſters ſpin more years,
New-cloath their Diſtaffe, and lay by their Shears.
Wonders long ſince were in their Sepulcher,
Yet did One miracle revive with Her.

Joh. Hall Eq. Aur. fil. Coll. Reg.

SHe liv'd, and in the cord made Fate deſpair,
Safe, as Sea-Surgeons in their Cable are.
Whoſe ſcruples palſie-Juryes weigh amiſſe,
The Gallowes her exacter Balance is.

Yet,

Yet, that looſe Flames ſome penalty might meet,
She thus did penance in her winding-ſheet.
May this not-ſtill-born Gibbet-iſſue thrive!
The firſt the knife ere Midwif'd there alive.

Will. Bell.

DEath's Metamorphos'd and hath chang'd his name,
And nature too; then Death with Life's the ſame.
This *Wench* as free of Soule as *Body* try'd
More then by living, to ſpight Death, and di'd.
Thus *Hells Purveigher* over-charg'd growes dull,
Or(which is all as ſtrange) he's mercifull.
Or rather Juſtice with it ſelfe at ſtrife
Judg'd the *Wench* worthy both of death and life.
The crime was hainous, but (if you know all)
T'was not ſoe *High* as to be *Capitall.*

T. Arthur, Comm. Ch. Ch.

I'le ſtretch my *Muſe*, but that a verſe
I'le *hang* upon thy *living hearſe.*
Chime in yee witts, and rhyme a Knell,
For *Death* herſelfe is lately fell.
Never was yet this *meagre fiend*,
Soe baffled by the woman kind.
Nan playes a prize with death, ſhee mounts
The ſtage, and there brave ſoule recounts
Her former prancks, and then Comes on
The *Fury* with her *hempen thong*;
As boldly ſhe *enters the liſt*,
And though by one unhappy *twiſt*,
Her *thread of life* did ſnap in twaine,
Yet by this foile ſhe lives againe.
And doth defie the *fatall Spinſter*,
And all the brood of *Pluto's* Minſter.
Have you not known how variouſly
A *vapour* betwixt Earth and Skye
Doth dance, till by contrary flame
It's frighted to its forme againe?

Thus,

Thus *Meteor-like*, ſhee hung betweene;
(Was't not a wonder to be ſeene)
But th' *burning-feaver* of the rope,
Which puts all others out of hope,
Reſtores her to her to ſelfe; ſhee is
Alive by *Antiperiſtaſis*.
But ſoft! *Phyſitians* doe not thinke,
I at your commendations winke.
'Tis you againſt the Fatall Vote
Gave this firſt heard of *Antidote*.
Had ſage *Hippocrates* this ſeene,
His leading *Theme* had alter'd beene;
For ſuch the wonder is, that you
Have made Art long, and Life ſo too.
Who will not rather henceforth cry
Pray let me be *Anatomy*?
What foole will feare an after-ſlaughter,
Since you have *raiſed* up this *Daughter*?
Clergy looke to it, for ſince ſhee
Was rob'd the *benefit* of thee,
Phyſitians ſtraight did part the ſtrife
And *writte her in the booke of life*.
In *India* ſay Authors good,
A tree doth beare cloath, drinke and foode.
A wonder ſure! but is't not much
The *Gallow-tree* ſhould bring forth ſuch?
Startle not reader in beleife,
'Tis made not only *Tree of life*;
But by *Phiſitians Chymick* paines
Unto her both Repute, and Gaines.
Soe that hereafter it will be
Thus to be hang'd, good huſwifrie.

Ant. Wood, Schol. of Mert. Coll.

On Anne Green *her execution.*

Sure Death abhorres the colour, all have seene
That Death is blacke, and therefore loves no *Greene*:
A happy colour, in what Prædicament
Will the Logicians put this Accident?
Shee had her Neck-verse; 'tis a currant signe
Shee could not read, her verse was but a Line.
Againe, upon this deed to set a crowne;
Sh'ad been cut up, if not so soon cut downe.
Read this thou youthfull, *Read*, and be afraid,
Shee's a maid twice, and yet is not *dis-maid.*
O Paradoxe! if truth in thee can lye,
No wonder if the maid could live and dye.

Joh. Mainard, of Magd. Coll.

ARe fates dread engines, and his Armory
(Muskets and Ropes) but Masque aud Mummery?
Sure Cupid (changing armes once more with death)
Tnrnd hangman to preserve his Martyrs breath:
Nights Queene (who once her selfe did suffer rape)
Pitty'd her Paralell, and let her scape.
Thou Paradox of fate, whom ropes reprieve,
To whom the hangman proves a gentele Shrieve,
Death's after birth: Thou by thy Posthume fate,
And penitence truly art regenerate.
Sterne Bassaw's by the bowstrings slender twine
Want vent for mighty soules: Thy fœminine,
Wrastles with death in a more firme embrace
Of Sinewy cords, yet never quits the place.

Rich. Garrard Gent: Com: of S. Joh. Coll.

FINIS.

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